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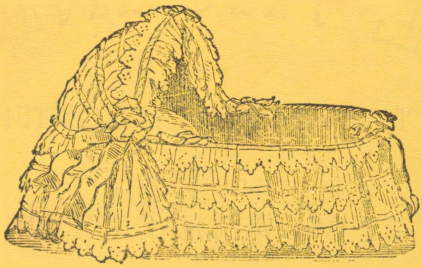

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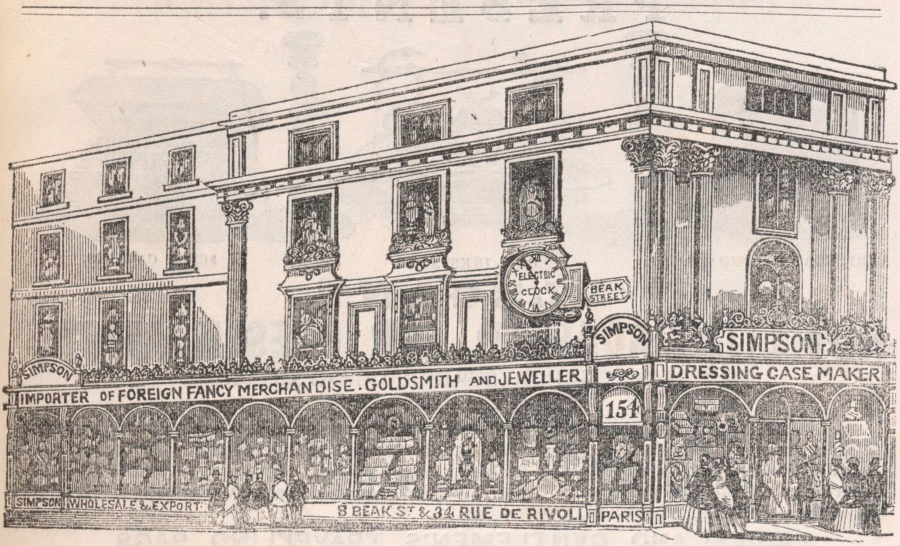

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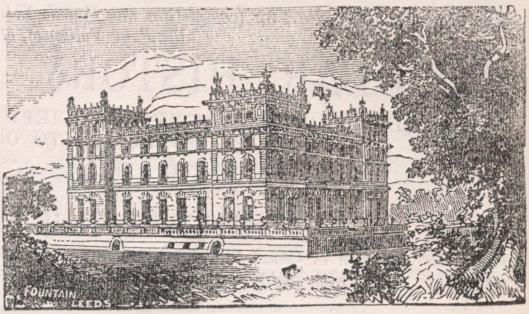

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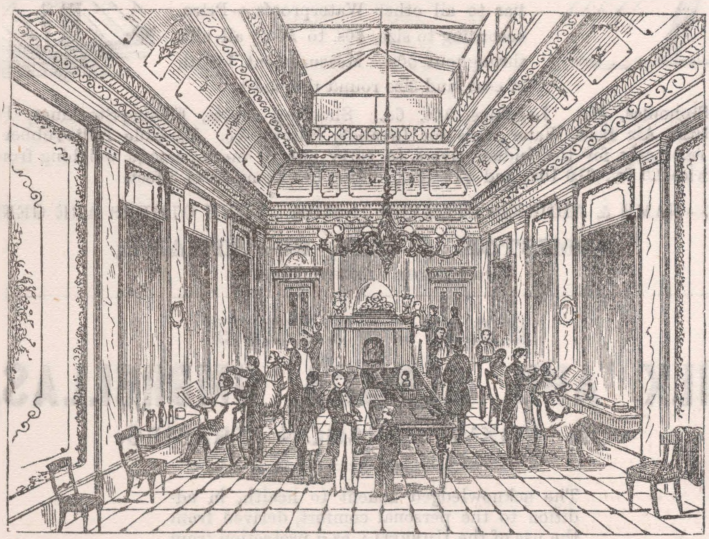

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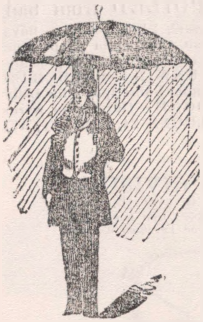

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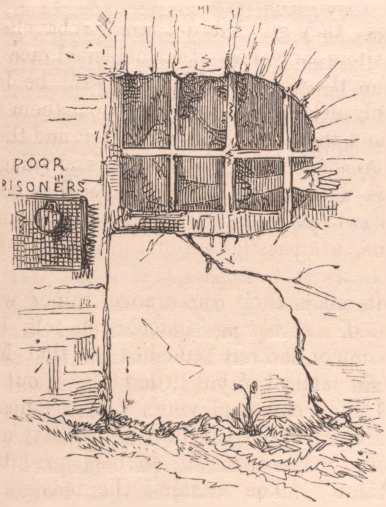
BAD NEWS FROM TUNBRIDGE

A FAINTING FIT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH VARIOUS MATCHES ARE FOUGHT.



READING in the "London Advertiser," which was served to his worship with his breakfast, an invitation to all lovers of manly British sport to come and witness a trial of skill between the great champions Sutton and Figg, Mr. Warrington determined upon attending these performances, and accordingly proceeded to the Wooden House, in Marybone Fields, driving thither the pair of horses which he had purchased on the previous day. The young charioteer did not know the road very well, and veered and tacked very much more than was needful upon his journey from Covent Garden, losing himself in the green lanes behind Mr. Whitfield's round tabernacle of Tottenham Road, and the fields in the midst of which Middlesex Hospital stood. He reached his destination at length, however, and found no small company assembled to witness the valorous achievements of the two champions.

A crowd of London blackguards was gathered round the doors of this temple of British valour; together with the horses and equipages of a few persons of fashion, who came, like Mr. Warrington, to patronise the sport. A variety of beggars and cripples hustled round the young gentleman, and whined to him for charity. Shoeblack boys tumbled over each other for the privilege of blacking his honour's boots; nosegay women and flying fruiterers plied Mr. Gumbo with their wares; piemen, pads, tramps, strollers of every variety hung round the battle ground. A flag was flying upon the building; and, on to the stage in front, accompanied by a drummer and a horn-blower, a manager

repeatedly issued to announce to the crowd that the noble English sports were just about to begin.

Mr. Warrington paid his money, and was accommodated with a seat in a gallery commanding a perfect view of the platform whereon the sports were performed; Mr. Gumbo took his seat in the amphitheatre below; or, when tired, issued forth into the outer world to drink a pot of beer, or play a game at cards with his brother lacqueys, and the gentlemen's coachmen on the boxes of the carriages waiting without. Lacqueys, liveries, footmen—the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentle men or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three, vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footman's gallery: an army of the liveried race hustled round every chapel-door: they swarmed in ante-rooms: they sprawled in halls and on landings: they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails:—that noble old race of footmen is well nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay camps and villages of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.

Before the principal combatants made their appearance, minor warriors and exercises were exhibited. A boxing match came off, but neither of the men were very game or severely punished, so that Mr. Warrington and the rest of the spectators had but little pleasure out of that encounter. Then ensued some cudgel-playing; but the heads broken were of so little note, and the wounds given so trifling and unsatisfactory, that no wonder the company began to hiss, grumble, and show other signs of discontent. "The masters, the masters!" shouted the people, whereupon those famous champions at length thought fit to appear.

The first who walked up the steps to the stage was the intrepid Sutton, sword in hand, who saluted the company with his warlike weapon, making an especial bow and salute to a private box or gallery in which sate a stout gentleman, who was seemingly a person of importance. Sutton was speedily followed by the famous Figg, to whom the stout gentleman waved a hand of approbation. Both men were in their shirts, their heads were shaven clean, but bore the cracks and scars of many former glorious battles. On his burly sword arm, each intrepid champion wore an "armiger," or ribbon of his colour. And now the gladiators shook hands, and, as a contemporary poet says: "The word it was bilboe."*

At the commencement of the combat the great Figg dealt a blow so

* The antiquarian reader knows the pleasant poem in the sixth volume of Dodsley's Collection, in which the above combat is described.

tremendous at his opponent, that had it encountered the other's honest head, that comely noddle would have been shorn off as clean as the carving-knife chops the carrot. But Sutton received his adversary's blade on his own sword, whilst Figg's blow was delivered so mightily that the weapon brake in his hands less constant than the heart of him who wielded it. Other swords were now delivered to the warriors. The first blood drawn spouted from the panting side of Figg amidst a yell of delight from Sutton's supporters; but the veteran appealing to his audience, and especially, as it seemed, to the stout individual in the private gallery, showed that his sword broken in the previous encounter had caused the wound.

Whilst the parley occasioned by this incident was going on, Mr. Warrington saw a gentleman in a riding-frock and plain scratch wig enter the box devoted to the stout personage, and recognised with pleasure his Tunbridge Wells friend, my Lord of March and Ruglan. Lord March, who was by no means prodigal of politeness, seemed to show singular deference to the stout gentleman, and Harry remarked how his lordship received, with a profound bow, some bank bills which the other took out from a pocket-book and handed to him. Whilst thus engaged, Lord March spied out our Virginian, and, his interview with the stout personage finished, my lord came over to Harry's gallery and warmly greeted his young friend. They sat and beheld the combat waging with various success, but with immense skill and valour on both sides. After the warriors had sufficiently fought with swords, they fell to with the quarter-staff, and the result of this long and delightful battle was, that victory remained with her ancient champion Figg.

Whilst the warriors were at battle, a thunderstorm had broken over the building, and Mr. Warrington gladly enough accepted a seat in my Lord March's chariot, leaving his own phaeton to be driven home by his groom. Harry was in great delectation with the noble sight he had witnessed: he pronounced this indeed to be something like sport, and of the best he had seen since his arrival in England: and, as usual, associating any pleasure which he enjoyed with the desire that the dear companion of his boyhood should share the amusement in common with him, he began by sighing out, "I wish" . . . then he stopped. "No I don't," says he.

"What do you wish and what don't you wish?" asks Lord March.

"I was thinking, my lord, of my elder brother, and wished he had been with me. We had promised to have our sport together, at home, you see; and many's the time we talked of it. But he wouldn't have liked this rough sort of sport, and didn't care for fighting, though he was the bravest lad alive."

"O! he was the bravest lad alive, was he?" asks my lord, lolling on his cushion, and eyeing his Virginian friend with some curiosity.

"You should have seen him in a quarrel with a very gallant

officer, our friend — an absurd affair, but it was hard to keep George off him. I never saw a fellow so cool, nor more savage and determined, God help me. Ah! I wish for the honour of the country, you know, that he could have come here instead of me, and shown you a real Virginian gentleman."

"Nay, sir, you'll do very well. What is this I hear of Lady Yarmouth taking you into favour?" said the amused nobleman.

"I will do as well as another. I can ride, and, I think, I can shoot better than George; but then my brother had the head, sir, the head!" says Harry, tapping his own honest skull. "Why, I give you my word, my lord, that he had read almost every book that was ever written; could play both on the fiddle and harpsichord, could compose poetry and sermons most elegant. What can I do? I am only good to ride and play at cards, and drink Burgundy." And the penitent hung down his head. "But them I can do as well as most fellows, you see. In fact, my lord, I'll back myself," he resumed, to the other's great amusement.

Lord March relished the young man's *naïveté*, as the jaded voluptuary still to the end always can relish the juicy wholesome mutton chop. "By gad, Mr. Warrington," says he, "you ought to be taken to Exeter Change, and put in a show."

"And for why?"

"A gentleman from Virginia who has lost his elder brother and absolutely regrets him. The breed ain't known in this country. Upon my honour and conscience, I believe that you would like to have him back again."

"Believe!" cries the Virginian, growing red in the face.

"That is, you believe, you believe you would like him back again. But depend on it you wouldn't. 'Tis not in human nature, sir; not as I read it, at least. Here are some fine houses we are coming to. That at the corner is Sir Richard Littleton's, that great one was my Lord Bingley's. 'Tis a pity they do nothing better with this great empty space of Cavendish Square than fence it with these unsightly boards. By George! I don't know where the town's running. There's Montagu House made into a confounded Don Saltero's museum, with books and stuffed birds and rhinoceroses. They have actually run a cursed cut—New Road they call it—at the back of Bedford House Gardens, and spoilt the duke's comfort, though, I guess, they will console him in the pocket. I don't know where the town will stop. Shall we go down Tyburn Road and the Park, or through Swallow Street, and into the habitable quarter of the town? We can dine at Pall Mall, or, if you like, with you; and we can spend the evening as you like—with the Queen of Spades, or . . ."

"With the Queen of Spades, if your lordship pleases," says Mr. Warrington, blushing. So the equipage drove to his hotel in Covent Garden, where the landlord came forward with his usual obsequiousness, and recognising my Lord of March and Ruglan, bowed his

wig on to my lord's shoes in his humble welcomes to his lordship. A rich young English peer in the reign of George the Second; a wealthy patrician in the reign of Augustus; — which would you rather have been? There is a question for any young gentlemen's debating clubs of the present day.

The best English dinner which could be produced, of course was at the service of the young Virginian and his noble friend. After dinner came wine in plenty, and of quality good enough even for the epicurean earl. Over the wine there was talk of going to see the fireworks at Vauxhall, or else of cards. Harry, who had never seen a firework beyond an exhibition of a dozen squibs at Williamsburgh on the Fifth of November (which he thought a sublime display), would have liked the Vauxhall, but yielded to his guest's preference for picquet; and they were very soon absorbed in that game.

Harry began by winning as usual; but, in the course of a half-hour, the luck turned and favoured my Lord March, who was at first very surly, when Mr. Draper, Mr. Warrington's man of business, came bowing into the room, where he accepted Harry's invitation to sit and drink. Mr. Warrington always asked everybody to sit and drink, and partake of his best. Had he a crust, he would divide it; had he a haunch, he would share it; had he a jug of water, he would drink about with a kindly spirit; had he a bottle of Burgundy, it was gaily drunk with a thirsty friend. And don't fancy the virtue is common. You read of it in books, my dear sir, and fancy that you have it yourself because you give six dinners of twenty people and pay your acquaintance all round; but the welcome, the friendly spirit, the kindly heart? Believe me, these are rare qualities in our selfish world. We may bring them with us from the country when we are young, but they mostly wither after transplantation, and droop and perish in the stifling London air.

Draper did not care for wine very much, but it delighted the lawyer to be in the company of a great man. He protested that he liked nothing better than to see picquet played by two consummate players and men of fashion; and, taking a seat, undismayed by the sidelong scowls of his lordship, surveyed the game between the gentlemen. Harry was not near a match for the experienced player of the London clubs. To-night, too, Lord March held better cards to aid his skill.

What their stakes were was no business of Mr. Draper's. The gentlemen said they would play for shillings, and afterwards counted up their gains and losses, with scarce any talking, and that in an under tone. A bow on both sides, a perfectly grave and polite manner on the part of each, and the game went on.

But it was destined to a second interruption, which brought an execration from Lord March's lips. First was heard a scuffling without —then a whispering—then an outcry as of a woman in tears, and then,

finally, a female rushed into the room, and produced that explosion of naughty language from Lord March.

"I wish your women would take some other time for coming, confound 'em," says my lord, laying his cards down in a pet.

"What, Mrs. Betty!" cried Harry.

Indeed it was no other than Mrs. Betty, Lady Maria's maid; and Gumbo stood behind her, his fine countenance beslobbered with tears.

"What has happened?" asks Mr. Warrington, in no little perturbation of spirit. "The Baroness is well?"

"Help! help! sir, your honour!" ejaculates Mrs. Betty, and proceeds to fall on her knees.

"Help whom?"

A howl ensues from Gumbo.

"Gumbo! you scoundrel! has anything happened between Mrs. Betty and you?" asks the black's master.

Mr. Gumbo steps back with great dignity, laying his hand on his heart, and saying, "No, sir; nothing hab happened 'twix' this lady and me."

"It's my mistress, sir," cries Betty. "Help! help! here's the letter she have wrote, sir! They have gone and took her, sir!"

"Is it only that old Molly Esmond? She's known to be over head and heels in debt! Dry your eyes in the next room, Mrs. Betty, and let me and Mr. Warrington go on with our game," says my lord, taking up his cards.

"Help, help her!" cries Betty again. "O, Mr. Harry! you won't be a going on with your cards, when my lady calls out to you to come and help her! Your honour used to come quick enough when my lady used to send me to fetch you at Castlewood!"

"Confound you! can't you hold your tongue?" says my lord, with more choice words and oaths.

But Betty would not cease weeping, and it was decreed that Lord March was to cease winning for that night. Mr. Warrington rose from his seat, and made for the bell, saying:

"My dear lord, the game must be over for to-night. My relative writes to me in great distress, and I am bound to go to her."

"Curse her! Why couldn't she wait till to-morrow?" cries my lord, testily.

Mr. Warrington ordered a postchaise instantly. His own horses would take him to Bromley.

"Bet you, you don't do it within the hour! bet you, you don't do it within five quarters of an hour! bet you four to one—or I'll take your bet, which you please—that you're not robbed on Blackheath! Bet you, you are not at Tunbridge Wells before midnight!" cries Lord March.

"Done!" says Mr. Warrington. And my lord carefully notes down the terms of the four wagers in his pocket-boot.

Lady Maria's letter ran as follows :—

"My dear Cousin,—

"I am fell into a *trapp*, wch I perceive the machinations of *villians*. I am a *prisner*. Betty will tell you *all*. Ah, my Henrico! come to the resQ of your

"Molly."

In half-an-hour after the receipt of this missive, Mr. Warrington was in his postchaise and galloping over Westminster Bridge on the road to succour his kinswoman.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SAMPSON AND THE PHILISTINES.

MY happy chance in early life led me to become intimate with a respectable person who was born in a certain island, which is pronounced to be the first gem of the ocean by, no doubt, impartial judges of maritime jewellery. The stories which that person imparted to me regarding his relatives who inhabited the gem above-mentioned, were such as used to make my young blood curdle with horror, to think there should be so much wickedness in the world. Every crime which you can think of; the entire Ten Commandments broken in a general smash; such rogueries and knaveries as no story-teller could invent; such murders and robberies as Thurtell or Turpin scarce ever perpetrated; were by my informant accurately remembered, and freely related, respecting his nearest kindred, to anyone who chose to hear him. It was a wonder how any of the family still lived out of the hulks. Me brother Tim had brought his fawther's gree hairs with sorrow to the greeve; me brother Mick had robbed the par'sh church repaytedly; me sisther Annamaroia had jilted the Captain and run off with the Ensign, forged her grandmother's will, and stole the spoons, which Larry, the knife-boy, was hanged for. The family of Atreus was as nothing compared to the race of O'Whatdyecallem, from which my friend sprung; but no power on earth would, of course, induce me to name the country whence he came.

How great then used to be my *naïf* astonishment to find these murderers, rogues, parricides, habitual forgers of bills of exchange, and so forth, every now and then writing to each other as "my dearest brother," "my dearest sister," and for months at a time living on the most amicable terms! With hands reeking with the blood of his murdered parents, Tim would mix a screeching tumbler, and give Maria a glass from it. With lips black with the perjuries he had sworn in Court respecting his grandmother's abstracted testament, or the murder of his poor brother Thady's helpless orphans, Mick would kiss his sister Julia's bonny cheek, and they would have a jolly night, and cry as they talked about old times, and the dear old Castle Whatdyecallem where they were born, and the fighting Onetyoneth being quarthered there, and the Major proposing for Cyaroloine, and the tomb of their seented mother (who had chayted them out of the propertee), Heaven bless her soul! They used to weep and kiss so profusely at meeting and parting, that it was touching to behold them. At the sight of their embraces one forgot those painful little stories, and those repeated previous assurances that, did they tell all, they could hang each other all round.

What can there be finer than forgiveness? What more rational than, after calling a man by every bad name under the sun, to apologise, regret hasty expressions, and so forth, withdraw the decanter (say) which you have flung at your enemy's head, and be friends as before? Some folks possess this admirable, this angel-like, gift of forgiveness. It was beautiful, for instance, to see our two ladies at Tunbridge Wells forgiving one another, smiling, joking, fondling almost in spite of the hard words of yesterday—yes; and forgetting bygones, though they couldn't help remembering them perfectly well. I wonder, can you and I do as much? Let us strive, my friend, to acquire this pacable, Christian spirit. My belief is that you may learn to forgive bad language employed to you; but, then, you must have a deal of practice, and be accustomed to hear and use it. You embrace after a quarrel and mutual bad language. Heaven bless us! Bad words are nothing when one is accustomed to them, and scarce need ruffle the temper on either side.

So the aunt and niece played cards very amicably together, and drank to each other's health, and each took a wing of the chicken, and pulled a bone of the merry-thought, and (in conversation), scratched their neighbours', not each other's eyes out. Thus, we have read how the Peninsular warriors, when the bugles sang truce, fraternised and exchanged tobacco-pouches and wine, ready to seize their firelocks and knock each other's heads off when the truce was over; and thus our old soldiers, skilful in war, but knowing the charms of a quiet life, laid their weapons down for the nonce, and hob-and-nobbed gaily together. Of course, whilst drinking with Jack Frenchman, you have your piece handy to blow his brains out if he makes a hostile move: but, meanwhile, it is *à votre santé, mon camarade!* Here's to you, Mounseer!

and everything is as pleasant as possible. Regarding Aunt Bernstein's threatened gout? The twinges had gone off. Maria was so glad! Maria's fainting fits? She had no return of them. A slight recurrence last night. The Baroness was so sorry! Her niece must see the best doctor, take everything to fortify her, continue to take the steel, even after she left Tunbridge. How kind of Aunt Bernstein to offer to send some of the bottled waters after her! Suppose Madame Bernstein says in confidence to her own woman, "Fainting fits!—pooh!—epilepsy! inherited from that horrible scrofulous German mother!" What means have we of knowing the private conversation of the old lady and her attendant? Suppose Lady Maria orders Mrs. Betty, her ladyship's maid, to taste every glass of medicinal water, first declaring that her aunt is capable of poisoning her? Very likely such conversations take place. These are but precautions—these are the firelocks which our old soldiers have at their sides, loaded and cocked, but at present lying quiet on the grass.

Having Harry's bond in her pocket, the veteran Maria did not choose to press for payment. She knew the world too well for that. He was bound to her, but she gave him plenty of day-rule, and leave of absence on parole. It was not her object needlessly to chafe and anger her young slave. She knew the difference of ages, and that Harry must have his pleasures and diversions. "Take your ease and amusement, cousin," says Lady Maria. "Frisk about, pretty little mousekin," says grey Grimalkin, purring in the corner, and keeping watch with her green eyes. About all that Harry was to see and do on his first visit to London, his female relatives had of course talked and joked. Both of the ladies knew perfectly what were a young gentleman's ordinary amusements in those days, and spoke of them with the frankness which characterised those easy times.

Our wily Calypso consoled herself, then, perfectly, in the absence of her young wanderer, and took any diversion which came to hand. Mr. Jack Morris, the gentleman whom we have mentioned as rejoicing in the company of Lord March and Mr. Warrington, was one of these diversions. To live with titled personages was the delight of Jack Morris's life; and to lose money at cards to an earl's daughter was almost a pleasure to him. Now, the Lady Maria Esmond was an earl's daughter who was very glad to win money. She obtained permission to take Mr. Morris to the Countess of Yarmouth's assembly, and played cards with him—and so everybody was pleased.

Thus the first eight-and-forty hours after Mr. Warrington's departure passed pretty cheerily at Tunbridge Wells, and Friday arrived, when the sermon was to be delivered which we have seen Mr. Sampson preparing. The company at the Wells were ready enough to listen to it. Sampson had a reputation for being a most amusing and eloquent preacher, and if there were no breakfast, conjuror, dancing bears, concert going on, the good Wells folk would put up with a sermon. He knew Lady Yarmouth was coming, and what a power she had in

the giving of livings and the dispensing of bishoprics, the Defender of of the Faith of that day having a remarkable confidence in her ladyship's opinion upon these matters;—and so we may be sure that Mr. Sampson prepared his very best discourse for her hearing. When the Great Man is at home at the Castle, and walks over to the little country church in the park, bringing the Duke, the Marquis, and a couple of cabinet ministers with him, has it ever been your lot to sit among the congregation, and watch Mr. Trotter the curate and his sermon? He looks anxiously at the Great Pew; he falters as he gives out his text, and thinks, "Ah, perhaps his lordship may give me a living!" Mrs. Trotter and the girls look anxiously at the Great Pew too, and watch the effects of papa's discourse—the well-known favourite discourse—upon the big-wigs assembled. Papa's first nervousness is over: his noble voice clears, warms to his sermon: he kindles: he takes his pocket-handkerchief out: he is coming to that exquisite passage which has made them all cry at the parsonage: he has begun it! Ah! What is that humming noise, which fills the edifice, and causes hob-nailed Melibœus to grin at smock-frocked Tityrus? It is the Right Honourable Lord Naseby, snoring in the pew by the fire! And poor Trotter's visionary mitre disappears with the music.

Sampson was the domestic chaplain of Madame Bernstein's nephew. The two ladies of the Esmond family patronised the preacher. On the day of the sermon, the Baroness had a little breakfast in his honour, at which Sampson made his appearance, rosy and handsome, with a fresh-flowered wig, and a smart, rustling, new cassock, which he had on credit from some church-admiring mercer at the Wells. By the side of his patronesses, their ladyships' lacqueys walking behind them, with their great gilt prayer-books, Mr. Sampson marched from breakfast to church. Every one remarked how well the Baroness Bernstein looked; she laughed, and was particularly friendly with her niece; she had a bow and a stately smile for all, as she moved on, with her tortoiseshell cane. At the door there was a dazzling conflux of rank and fashion—all the fine company of the Wells trooping in; and her ladyship of Yarmouth, conspicuous with vermilion cheeks, and a robe of flame-coloured taffeta. There were shabby people present, besides the fine company, though these latter were by far the most numerous. What an odd-looking pair, for instance, were those in ragged coats, one of them with his carroty hair appearing under his scratch wig, and who entered the church just as the organ stopped! Nay, he could not have been a Protestant, for he mechanically crossed himself as he entered the place, saying to his comrade, "Bedad, Tim, I forgawt!" by which I conclude that the individual came from an island which has been mentioned at the commencement of this chapter. Wherever they go, a rich fragrance of whiskey spreads itself. A man may be a heretic, but possess genius: these Catholic gentlemen have come to pay homage to Mr. Sampson.

Nay, there are not only members of the old religion present, but disciples of a creed still older. Who are those two individuals with hooked noses and sallow countenances who worked into the church, in spite of some little opposition on the part of the beadle? Seeing the greasy appearance of these Hebrew strangers, Mr. Beadle was for denying them admission. But one whispered into his ear, "We wants to be conwerted, gov'nor!" another slips money into his hand,—Mr. Beadle lifts up the mace with which he was barring the doorway, and the Hebrew gentlemen enter. There goes the organ! the doors have closed. Shall we go in, and listen to Mr. Sampson's sermon, or lie on the grass without?

Preceded by that beadle in gold lace, Sampson walked up to the pulpit, as rosy and jolly a man as you could wish to see. Presently, when he surged up out of his plump pulpit cushion, why did his Reverence turn as pale as death? He looked to the western church-door—there, on each side of it, were those horrible Hebrew Caryatides. He then looked to the vestry-door, which was hard by the rector's pew, in which Sampson had been sitting during the service, alongside of their ladyships his patronesses. Suddenly, a couple of perfumed Hibernian gentlemen slipped out of an adjacent seat, and placed themselves on a bench close by that vestry-door and rector's pew, and so sate till the conclusion of the sermon, with eyes meekly cast down to the ground. How can we describe that sermon, if the preacher himself never knew how it came to an end?

Nevertheless, it was considered an excellent sermon. When it was over, the fine ladies buzzed into one another's ears over their pews, and uttered their praise and comments. Madame Walmoden, who was in the next pew to our friends, said it was bewdiful, and made her dremble all over. Madame Bernstein said it was excellent. Lady Maria was pleased to think that the family chaplain should so distinguish himself. She looked up at him, and strove to catch his Reverence's eye, as he still sate in his pulpit; she greeted him with a little wave of the hand and flutter of her handkerchief. He scarcely seemed to note the compliment; his face was pale, his eyes were looking yonder, towards the font, where those Hebrews still remained. The stream of people passed by them—in a rush, when they were lost to sight,—in a throng—in a march of twos and threes—in a dribble of one at a time. Everybody was gone. The two Hebrews were still there by the door.

The Baroness de Bernstein and her niece still lingered in the rector's pew, where the old lady was deep in conversation with that gentleman.

"Who are those horrible men at the door, and what a smell of spirits there is," cries Lady Maria, to Mrs. Brett, her aunt's woman, who had attended the two ladies.

"Farewell, Doctor; you have a darling little boy: is he to be a clergyman, too?" asks Madame de Bernstein. "Are you ready, my dear?" And the pew is thrown open, and Madame Bernstein, whose father was

only a viscount, insists that her niece, Lady Maria, who was an earl's daughter, should go first out of the pew.

As she steps forward, those individuals whom her ladyship designated as two horrible men, advance. One of them pulls a long strip of paper out of his pocket, and her ladyship starts and turns pale. She makes for the vestry, in a vague hope that she can clear the door and close it behind her. The two whiskeyfied gentlemen are up with her, however; one of them actually lays his hand on her shoulder and says:—

"At the shuit of Misthress Pincott of Kinsington, mercer, I have the honour of arresting your leedyship. Mc neem is Costigan, Madam, a poor gentleman of Oireland, binding to circumstances, and forced to follow a disagrayable profession. Will your leedyship walk, or shall me man go fetch a cheer?"

For reply Lady Maria Esmond gives three shrieks, and falls swooning to the ground. "Keep the door, Mick!" shouts Mr. Costigan. "Best let in no one else, madam," he says, very politely, to Madame de Bernstein. "Her ladyship has fallen in a feenting fit, and will recover here, at her aise."

"Unlace her, Brett!" cries the old lady whose eyes twinkle oddly, and, as soon as that operation is performed, Madame Bernstein seizes a little bag suspended by a hair chain, which Lady Maria wears round her neck, and snips the necklace in twain. "Dash some cold water over her face, it always recovers her!" says the Baroness. "You stay with her, Brett. How much is your suit, gentlemen?"

Mr. Costigan says, "The cleem we have against her leedyship is for one hundred and thirty two pounds, in which she is indebted to Misthress Eliza Pincott."

Meanwhile, where is the Reverend Mr. Sampson? Like the fabled opossum we have read of, who, when he spied the unerring gunner from his gum-tree, said: "It's no use, major, I will come down," so Sampson gave himself up to his pursuers. "At whose suit, Simons?" he sadly asked. Sampson knew Simons, they had met many a time before.

"Buckleby Cordwainer," says Mr. Simons.

"Forty-eight pound and charges, I know," says Mr. Sampson, with a sigh. "I haven't got the money. What officer is there here?" Mr. Simons's companion, Mr. Lyons, here stepped forward, and said his house was most convenient, and often used by gentlemen, and he should be most happy and proud to accommodate his Reverence.

Two chairs happened to be in waiting outside the chapel. In those two chairs my Lady Maria Esmond and Mr. Sampson placed themselves, and went to Mr. Lyons's residence, escorted by the gentlemen to whom we have just been introduced.

Very soon after the capture the Baroness Bernstein sent Mr. Case, her confidential servant, with a note to her niece, full of expressions of the most ardent affection: but regretting that her heavy losses at cards

rendered the payment of such a sum as that in which Lady Maria stood indebted quite impossible. She had written off to Mrs. Pincott *by that very post*, however, to entreat her to grant time, and as soon *as ever she had an answer*, would not fail to acquaint her dear unhappy niece.

Mrs. Betty came over to console her mistress: and the two poor women cast about for money enough to provide a horse and chaise for Mrs. Betty; who had very nearly come to misfortune too. Both my Lady Maria and her maid had been unlucky at cards, and could not muster more than eighteen shillings between them: so it was agreed that Betty should sell a gold chain belonging to her lady, and with the money travel to London. Now Betty took the chain to the very toy-shop man who had sold it to Mr. Warrington, who had given it to his cousin; and the toy-shop man, supposing that she had stolen the chain, was for bringing in a constable to Betty. Hence, she had to make explanations, and to say how her mistress was in durance; and, ere the night closed, all Tunbridge Wells knew that my Lady Maria Esmond was in the hands of bailiffs. Meanwhile, however, the money was found, and Mrs. Betty whisked up to London in search of the champion in whom the poor prisoner confided.

"Don't say anything about that paper being gone! O, the wretch, the wretch! She shall pay it me!" I presume that Lady Maria meant her aunt by the word "wretch." Mr. Sampson read a sermon to her ladyship, and they passed the evening over revenge and backgammon; with well-grounded hopes that Harry Warrington would rush to their rescue as soon as ever he heard of their mishap.

Though, ere the evening was over, every soul at the Wells knew what had happened to Lady Maria, and a great deal more; though they knew she was taken in execution, the house where she lay, the amount—nay, ten times the amount—for which she was captured, and that she was obliged to pawn her trinkets to get a little money to keep her in jail; though everybody said that old fiend of a Bernstein was at the bottom of the business, of course they were all civil and bland in society; and, at my Lady Trumpington's cards that night, where Madame Bernstein appeared, and as long as she was within hearing, not a word was said regarding the morning's transactions. Lady Yarmouth asked the Baroness news of her breddy nephew, and heard Mr. Warrington was in London. My Lady Maria was not coming to Lady Trumpington's that evening? My Lady Maria was indisposed, had fainted at church that morning, and was obliged to keep her room. The cards were dealt, the fiddles sang, the wine went round, the gentlefolks talked, laughed, yawned, chattered, the footmen waylaid the supper, the chairmen drank and swore, the stars climbed the sky, just as though no Lady Maria was imprisoned, and no poor Sampson arrested. 'Tis certain, dearly beloved brethren, that the little griefs, stings, annoyances which you and I feel acutely, in our own persons, don't prevent our neighbours from sleeping; and that when we slip out

of the world, the world does not miss us. Is this humiliating to our vanity? So much the better. But, on the other hand, is it not a comfortable and consoling truth? And mayn't we be thankful for our humble condition? If we were not selfish—*passez moi le mot, s. v. p.*—and if we had to care for other people's griefs as much as our own, how intolerable human life would be! If my neighbour's tight boot pinched my corn; if the calumny uttered against Jones set Brown into fury; if Mrs. A's death plunged Messrs. B, C, D, E, F, into distraction, would there be any bearing of the world's burthen? Do not let us be in the least angry or surprised if all the company played on, and were happy, although Lady Maria had come to grief. Countess, the deal is with you! Are you going to Stubblefield to shoot as usual, Sir John? Captain, we shall have you running off to the Bath after the widow! So the clatter goes on; the lights burn; the beaux and the ladies flirt, laugh, ogle; the prisoner rages in his cell; the sick man tosses on his bed.

Perhaps Madame de Bernstein stayed at the assembly until the very last, not willing to allow the company the chance of speaking of her as soon as her back should be turned. Ah, what a comfort it is, I say again, that we have backs, and that our ears don't grow on them! He that has ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton. Madame Bernstein might have heard folks say, it was heartless of her to come abroad, and play at cards, and make merry when her niece was in trouble. As if she could help Maria by staying at home, indeed! At her age, it is dangerous to disturb an old lady's tranquillity. "Don't tell me," says Lady Yarmouth, "the Bernstein would play at carts over her niece's coffin. Talk about her heart! who ever said she had one? The old spy lost it to the Chevalier a tousand years ago, and has lived ever since perfectly well without one. For how much is the Maria put in prison? If it were only a small sum, we would pay it, it would vex her aunt so. Find out, Fuchs, in the morning, for how much Lady Maria Esmond is put in prison." And the faithful Fuchs bowed, and promised to do her Excellency's will.

Meanwhile, about midnight, Madame de Bernstein went home, and presently fell into a sound sleep, from which she did not wake up until a late hour of the morning, when she summoned her usual attendant, who arrived with her ladyship's morning dish of tea. If I told you she took a dram with it, you would be shocked. Some of our great-grandmothers used to have cordials in their "closets." Have you not read of the fine lady in Walpole, who said, "If I drink more, I shall be 'muckibus!'?" As surely as Mr. Gough is alive now, our ancestresses were accustomed to partake pretty freely of strong waters.

So, having tipped off the cordial, Madame Bernstein rouses and asks Mrs. Brett the news.

"He can give it you," says the waiting-woman, sulkily.

"He? Who?"

Mrs. Brett names Harry, and says Mr. Warrington arrived about

midnight yesterday—and Betty, my Lady Maria's maid, was with him. "And my Lady Maria sends your ladyship her love and duty, and hopes you slept well," says Brett.

"Excellently, poor thing! Is Betty gone to her?"

"No; she is here," says Mrs. Brett.

"Let me see her directly," cries the old lady.

"I'll tell her," replies the obsequious Brett, and goes away upon her mistress's errand, leaving the old lady placidly reposing on her pillows. Presently, two pairs of high-heeled shoes are heard pattering over the deal floor of the bed-chamber. Carpets were luxuries scarcely known in bed-rooms of those days.

"So, Mrs. Betty, you were in London, yesterday?" calls Bernstein from her curtains.

"It is not Betty—it is I! Good morning, dear aunt! I hope you slept well," cries a voice which made old Bernstein start on her pillow. It was the voice of Lady Maria, who drew the curtains aside, and dropped her aunt a low curtsey. Lady Maria looked very pretty, rosy, and happy. And with the little surprise incident at her appearance through Madame Bernstein's curtains, I think we may bring this Chapter to a close.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HARRY TO THE RESCUE.

Y dear Lord March, (wrote Mr. Warrington from Tunbridge Wells, on Saturday morning, the 25th August, 1756): This is to inform you (with satisfaction) that I have one all our *three betts*. I was at Bromley two minutes within the hour; my new horses kep a-going at a capital rate. I drove them myself, having the postilion by me to show me the way, and my black man inside with Mrs. Betty. Hope they found the drive *very pleasant*. We were not stopped on Blackheath, though two fellows on horseback rode up to us, but not liking the looks of our *countenantses*, rode off again; and we got into Tunbridge Wells (where I transacted my business) at forty-five minutes after eleven. This makes me *quitts* with your lordship after yesterday's picquet, which I shall be very happy to give you your revenge, and am,

Your most obliged, faithful servant,

H. Esmond Warrington.

And now, perhaps the reader will understand by what means Lady Maria Esmond was enabled to surprise her dear aunt in her bed on Saturday morning, and walk out of the house of captivity. Having despatched Mrs. Betty to London, she scarcely expected that her

emissary would return on the day of her departure; and she and the chaplain were playing their cards at midnight, after a small refection which the bailiff's wife had provided for them, when the rapid whirling of wheels was heard approaching their house, and caused the lady to lay her trumps down, and her heart to beat with more than ordinary emotion. Whirr came the wheels—the carriage stopped at the very door: there was a parley at the gate: then appeared Mrs. Betty, with a face radiant with joy, though her eyes were full of tears; and next, who is that tall young gentleman who enters? Can any of my readers guess? Will they be very angry if I say that the chaplain slapped down his cards with a huzzay, whilst Lady Maria, turning as white as a sheet, rose up from her chair, tottered forward a step or two, and with an hysterical shriek, flung herself in her cousin's arms? How many kisses did he give her? If they were mille, deinde centum, dein mille altera, dein secunda centum, and so on, I am not going to cry out. He had come to rescue her. She knew he would; he was her champion, her preserver from bondage and ignominy. She wept a genuine flood of tears upon his shoulder, and as she reclines there, giving way to a hearty emotion, I protest I think she looks handsomer than she has looked during the whole course of this history. She did not faint this time; she went home, leaning lovingly on her cousin's arm, and may have had one or two hysterical outbreaks in the night; but Madame Bernstein slept soundly, and did not hear her.

"You are both free to go home," were the first words Harry said. "Get my lady's hat and cardinal, Betty, and, Chaplain, we'll smoke a pipe together at our lodgings, it will refresh me after my ride." The Chaplain, who, too, had a great deal of available sensibility, was very much overcome; he burst into tears as he seized Harry's hand, and kissed it, and prayed God to bless his dear generous young patron. Mr. Warrington felt a glow of pleasure thrill through his frame. It is good to be able to help the suffering and the poor; it is good to be able to turn sorrow into joy. Not a little proud and elated was our young champion, as, with his hat cocked, he marched by the side of his rescued princess. His feelings came out to meet him, as it were, and beautiful happinesses with kind eyes and smiles danced before him, and clad him in a robe of honour, and scattered flowers on his path, and blew trumpets and shawms of sweet gratulation, calling "Here comes the conqueror! Make way for the champion!" And so they led him up to the King's house, and seated him in the hall of complacency, upon the cushions of comfort. And yet it was not much he had done. Only a kindness. He had but to put his hand in his pocket, and with an easy talisman, drive off the dragon which kept the gate, and cause the tyrant to lay down his axe, who had got Lady Maria in execution. Never mind if his vanity is puffed up; he is very good-natured; he has rescued two unfortunate people, and pumped tears of goodwill and happiness out of their eyes:—and if he brags a little to-night, and swaggers somewhat to the Chaplain, and talks about London

and Lord March, and White's, and Almack's, with the air of a macaroni, I don't think we need like him much the less.

Sampson continued to be prodigiously affected. This man had a nature most easily worked upon, and extraordinarily quick to receive pain and pleasure, to tears, gratitude, laughter, hatred, liking. In his preaching profession he had educated and trained his sensibilities so that they were of great use to him; he was for the moment what he acted. He wept quite genuine tears, finding that he could produce them freely. He loved you whilst he was with you; he had a real pang of grief as he mingled his sorrow with the widow or orphan; and, meeting Jack as he came out of the door, went to the tavern opposite, and laughed and roared over the bottle. He gave money very readily, but never repaid when he borrowed. He was on this night in a rapture of gratitude and flattery towards Harry Warrington. In all London, perhaps, the unlucky Fortunate Youth could not have found a more dangerous companion.

To-night he was in his grateful mood, and full of enthusiasm for the benefactor who had released him from durance. With each bumper his admiration grew stronger. He exalted Harry as the best and noblest of men, and the complacent young simpleton, as we have said, was disposed to take these praises as very well deserved. "The younger branch of our family," said Mr. Harry with a superb air, "have treated you scurvily; but by Jove, Sampson, my boy, I'll stand by you!" At a certain period of Burgundian excitement Mr. Warrington was always very eloquent respecting the splendour of his family. "I am very glad I was enabled to help you in your strait. Count on me whenever you want me, Sampson. Did you not say you had a sister at boarding-school? You will want money for her, sir. Here is a little bill which may help to pay her schooling," and the liberal young fellow passed a bank-note across to the Chaplain.

Again the man was affected to tears. Harry's generosity smote him.

"Mr. Warrington," he said, putting the bank-note a short distance from him, "I—I don't deserve your kindness,—by George, I don't!" and he swore an oath to corroborate his passionate assertion.

"Psha!" says Harry, "I have plenty more of 'em. There was no money in that confounded pocket-book which I lost last week."

"No, sir. There was no money!" says Mr. Sampson, dropping his head.

"Hallo! How do you know, Mr. Chaplain?" asks the young gentleman.

"I know because I am a villain, sir. I am not worthy of your kindness. I told you so. I found the book, sir, that night, when you had too much wine at Barbeau's."

"And read the letters?" asked Mr. Warrington, starting up and turning very red.

"They told me nothing I did not know, sir," said the Chaplain.

"You have had spies about you whom you little suspect — from whom you are much too young and simple to be able to keep your secret."

"Are those stories about Lady Fanny and my Cousin Will, and his doings, true then?" enquired Harry.

"Yes, they are true," sighed the Chaplain. "The house of Castlewood has not been fortunate, sir, since your honour's branch, the elder branch, left it."

"Sir, you don't dare for to breathe a word against my Lady Maria?" Harry cried out.

"O, not for worlds!" says Mr. Sampson, with a queer look at his young friend. "I may think she is too old for your honour, and that 'tis a pity you should not have a wife better suited to your age, though I admit she looks very young for hers, and hath every virtue and accomplishment."

"She *is* too old, Sampson, I know she is," says Mr. Warrington, with much majesty; "but she has my word, and you see, sir, how fond she is of me. Go bring me the letters, sir, which you found, and let me try and forgive you for having seized upon them."

"My benefactor, let me try and forgive myself!" cries Mr. Sampson, and departed towards his chamber, leaving his young patron alone over his wine.

Sampson returned presently, looking very pale. "What has happened, sir?" say Harry, with an imperious air.

The Chaplain held out a pocket-book. "With your name in it, sir," he said.

"My brother's name in it," says Harry; "it was George who gave it to me."

"I kept it in a locked chest, sir, in which I left it this morning before I was taken by those people. Here is the book, sir, but the letters are gone. My trunk and valise have also been tampered with. And I am a miserable, guilty man, unable to make you the restitution which I owe you." Sampson looked the picture of woe as he uttered these sentiments. He clasped his hands together, and almost knelt before Harry in an attitude the most pathetic.

Who had been in the rooms in Mr. Sampson's and Mr. Warrington's absence? The landlady was ready to go on her knees, and declare that nobody had come in: nor, indeed, was Mr. Warrington's chamber in the least disturbed, nor anything abstracted from Mr. Sampson's scanty wardrobe and possessions, except those papers of which he deplored the absence.

Whose interest was it to seize them? Lady Maria's? The poor woman had been a prisoner all day, and during the time when the capture was effected.

She certainly was guiltless of the rape of the letters. The sudden seizure of the two—Case, the house-steward's secret journey to London, —Case, who knew the shoemaker at whose house Sampson lodged in London, and all the secret affairs of the Esmond family,—these points

considered together and separately, might make Mr. Sampson think that the Baroness Bernstein was at the bottom of this mischief. But why arrest Lady Maria? The Chaplain knew nothing as yet about that letter which her ladyship had lost; for poor Maria had not thought it necessary to confide her secret to him.

As for the pocket-book and its contents, Mr. Harry was so swollen up with self-satisfaction that evening, at winning his three bets, at rescuing his two friends, at the capital premature cold supper of partridges and ancient Burgundy which obsequious Monsieur Barbeau had sent over to the young gentleman's lodgings, that he accepted Sampson's vows of contrition, and solemn promises of future fidelity, and reached his gracious hand to the Chaplain, and condoned his offence. When the latter swore his great Gods, that henceforth he would be Harry's truest, humblest friend and follower, and at any moment would be ready to die for Mr. Warrington, Harry said, majestically, "I think, Sampson, you would; I hope you would. My family—the Esmond family—has always been accustomed to have faithful friends round about 'em—and to reward 'em, too. The wine's with you, Chaplain. What toast do you call, sir?"

"I call a blessing on the house of Esmond-Warrington!" cries the Chaplain, with real tears in his eyes.

"We are the elder branch, sir. My grandfather was the Marquis of Esmond," says Mr. Harry, in a voice noble but somewhat indistinct. "Here's to you, Chaplain—and I forgive you, sir—and God bless you, sir—and if you had been took for three times as much, I'd have paid it. Why, what's that I see through the shutters? I am blest if the sun hasn't risen again! We have no need of candles to go to bed, ha, ha!" And once more extending his blessing to his chaplain, the young fellow went off to sleep.

About noon Madame de Bernstein sent over a servant to say that she would be glad if her nephew would come over and drink a dish of chocolate with her, whereupon our young friend rose and walked to his aunt's lodgings. She remarked, not without pleasure, some alteration in his toilette: in his brief sojourn in London he had visited a tailor or two, and had been introduced by my Lord March to some of his lordship's purveyors and tradesmen.

Aunt Bernstein called him "my dearest child," and thanked him for his noble, his generous behaviour to dear Maria. What a shock that seizure in church had been to her! A still greater shock that she had lost three hundred only on the Wednesday night to Lady Yarmouth, and was quite *à sec*. "Why," said the baroness, "I had to send Case to London to my agent to get me money to pay—I could not leave Tunbridge in her debt."

"So Case did go to London?" says Mr. Harry.

"Of course he did: the Baroness de Bernstein can't afford to say she is court d'argent. Canst thou lend me some, child?"

"I can give your ladyship twenty-two pounds," said Harry, blushing

very red: "I have but forty-four left till I get my Virginian remittances. I have bought horses and clothes, and been very extravagant, aunt."

"And rescued your poor relations in distress, you prodigal good boy. No, child, I do not want thy money. I can give thee some. Here is a note upon my agent for fifty pounds, vaurien! Go and spend it, and be merry! I daresay thy mother will repay me, though she does not love me." And she looked quite affectionate, and held out a pretty hand, which the youth kissed.

"Your mother did not love me, but your mother's father did once. Mind, sir, you always come to me when you have need of me."

When bent on exhibiting them nothing could exceed Beatrix Bernstein's grace or good-humour. "I can't help loving you, child," she continued, "and yet I am so angry with you that I have scarce the patience to speak to you. So you have actually engaged yourself to poor Maria who is as old as your mother? What will Madam Esmond say? She may live three hundred years and you will not have wherewithal to support yourselves."

"I have ten thousand pounds from my father, of my own, now my poor brother is gone," said Harry, "that will go some way."

"Why, the interest will not keep you in card-money."

"We must give up cards," says Harry.

"It is more than Maria is capable of. She will pawn the coat off your back to play. The rage for it runs in all my brother's family—in me, too, I own it. I warned you. I prayed you not to play with them, and now a lad of twenty to engage himself to a woman of forty-two! —to write letters on his knees and signed with his heart's blood (which he spells like hartshorn) and say that he will marry no other woman than his adorable cousin, Lady Maria Esmond. O! it's cruel —cruel!"

"Great heavens! Madam, who showed you my letter?" asked Harry, burning with a blush again.

"An accident. She fainted when she was taken by those bailiffs. Brett cut her laces for her; and when she was carried off, poor thing, we found a little *sachet* on the floor, which I opened, not knowing, in the least, what it contained. And in it was Mr. Harry Warrington's precious letter. And here, sir, is the case."

A pang shot through Harry's heart. Great heavens! why didn't she destroy it? he thought.

"I—I will give it back to Maria," he said, stretching out his hand for the little locket.

"My dear, I have burned the foolish letter," said the old lady. "If you choose to betray me I must take the consequence. If you choose to write another, I cannot help thee. But, in that case, Harry Esmond, I had rather never see thee again. Will you keep my secret? Will you believe an old woman who loves you and knows the world better than you do? I tell you, if you keep that foolish promise, misery and ruin are surely in store for you. What is a lad like you in the hands of

a wily woman of the world, who makes a toy of you? She has entrapped you into a promise, and your old aunt has cut the strings and set you free. Go back again! Betray me if you will, Harry."

"I am not angry with you, aunt—I wish I were," said Mr. Warrington, with very great emotion. "I—I shall not repeat what you told me."

"Maria never will, child—mark my words!" cried the old lady, eagerly. "She will never own that she has lost that paper. She will tell you that she has it."

"But I am sure she—she is very fond of me; you should have seen her last night," faltered Harry.

"Must I tell more stories against my own flesh and blood?" sobs out the Baroness. "Child, you do not know her past life!"

"And I must not, and I will not!" cries Harry, starting up. "Written or said—it does not matter which! But my word is given; they may play with such things in England, but we gentlemen of Virginia don't break 'em. If she holds me to my word, she shall have me. If we are miserable, as, I daresay say, we shall be, I'll take a firelock, and go join the King of Prussia, or let a ball put an end to me."

"I—I have no more to say. Will you be pleased to ring that bell? I—I wish you a good morning, Mr. Warrington," and, dropping a very stately curtsey, the old lady rose on her tortoiseshell stick, and turned towards the door. But, as she made her first step, she put her hand to her heart, sank on the sofa again, and shed the first tears that had dropped for long years from Beatrix Esmond's eyes.

Harry was greatly moved, too. He knelt down by her. He seized her cold hand, and kissed it. He told her, in his artless way, how very keenly he had felt her love for him, and how, with all his heart, he returned it. "Ah, aunt!" said he, "you don't know what a villain I feel myself. When you told me, just now, how that paper was burned—O! I was ashamed to think how glad I was." He bowed his comely head over her hand. She felt hot drops from his eyes raining on it. She had loved this boy. For half a century past—never, perhaps, in the course of her whole worldly life—had she felt a sensation so tender and so pure. The hard heart was wounded now, softened, overcome. She put her two hands on his shoulders, and lightly kissed his forehead.

"You will not tell her what I have done, child?" she said.

He declared never! never! And demure Mrs. Brett, entering at her mistress's summons, found the nephew and aunt in this sentimental attitude.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH HARRY PAYS OFF AN OLD DEBT, AND INCURS SOME NEW ONES.

OUR Tunbridge friends were now weary of the Wells, and eager to take their departure. When the autumn should arrive, Bath was Madame de Bernstein's mark. There were more cards, company, life, there. She would reach it after paying a few visits to her country friends. Harry promised, with rather a bad grace, to ride with Lady Maria and the Chaplain to Castlewood. Again they passed by Oakhurst village, and the hospitable house where Harry had been so kindly entertained. Maria made so many keen remarks about the young ladies of Oakhurst, and their setting their caps at Harry, and the mother's evident desire to catch him for one of them, that, somewhat in a pet, Mr. Warrington said he would pass his friends' door, as her ladyship disliked and abused them; and was very haughty and sulky that evening at the inn where they stopped, some few miles further on the road. At supper, my Lady Maria's smiles brought no corresponding good humour to Harry's face; her tears (which her ladyship had at command) did not seem to create the least sympathy from Mr. Warrington; to her querulous remarks he growled a surly reply; and my lady was obliged to go to bed at length without getting a single *tête-à-tête* with her cousin,—that obstinate Chaplain, as if by order, persisting in staying in the room. Had Harry given Sampson orders to

remain? She departed with a sigh. He bowed her to the door with an obstinate politeness, and consigned her to the care of the landlady and her maid.

What horse was that which galloped out of the inn yard ten minutes after Lady Maria had gone to her chamber? An hour after her departure from their supper-room, Mrs. Betty came in for her lady's bottle of smelling-salts, and found Parson Sampson smoking a pipe alone. Mr. Warrington was gone to bed—was gone to fetch a walk in the moonlight—how should he know where Mr. Harry was, Sampson answered, in reply to the maid's interrogatories. Mr. Warrington was ready to set forward the next morning, and took his place by the side of Lady Maria's carriage. But his brow was black—the dark spirit was still on him. He hardly spoke to her during the journey. "Great Heavens! she must have told him that she stole it!" thought Lady Maria within her own mind.

The fact is, that, as they were walking up that steep hill which lies about three miles from Oakhurst, on the Westerham road, Lady Maria Esmond, leaning on her fond youth's arm, and indeed very much in love with him, had warbled into his ear the most sentimental vows, protests, and expressions of affection. As she grew fonder, he grew colder. As she looked up in his face, the sun shone down upon hers, which, fresh and well-preserved as it was, yet showed some of the lines and wrinkles of twoscore years; and poor Harry, with that arm leaning on his, felt it intolerably weighty, and by no means relished his walk up the hill. To think that all his life that drag was to be upon him! It was a dreary look forward; and he cursed the moonlight walk, and the hot evening, and the hot wine which had made him give that silly pledge by which he was fatally bound.

Maria's praises and raptures annoyed Harry beyond measure. The poor thing poured out scraps of the few plays which she knew that had reference to her case, and strove with her utmost power to charm her young companion. She called him, over and over again, her champion, her Henrico, her preserver, and vowed that his Molinda would be ever, ever faithful to him. She clung to him. "Ah, child! Have I not thy precious image, thy precious hair, thy precious writing *here?*" she said, looking in his face. "Shall it not go with me to the grave? It would, sir, were I to meet with unkindness from my Henrico!" she sighed out.

Here was a strange story! Madame Bernstein had given him the little silken case—she had burned the hair and the note which the case contained, and Maria had it still on her heart! It was then, at the start which Harry gave, as she was leaning on his arm,—at the sudden movement as if he would drop hers—that Lady Maria felt her first pang of remorse that she had told a fib, or rather, that she was found out in telling a fib, which is a far more cogent reason for repentance. Heaven help us! if some people were to do penance for telling lies, would they ever be out of sackcloth and ashes?

Arrived at Castlewood, Mr. Harry's good humour was not increased. My lord was from home; the ladies also were away; the only member of the family whom Harry found, was Mr. Will, who returned from partridge-shooting just as the chaise and cavalcade reached the gate, and who turned very pale when he saw his cousin, and received a sulky scowl of recognition from the young Virginian.

Nevertheless, he thought to put a good face on the matter, and they met at supper, where, before my Lady Maria, their conversation was at first civil, but not lively. Mr. Will had been to some races? to several. He had been pretty successful in his bets? Mr. Warrington hopes. Pretty well. "And you have brought back my horse sound?" asked Mr. Warrington.

"Your horse? what horse?" asked Mr. Will.

"What horse? my horse!" says Mr. Harry, curtly.

"Protest I don't understand you," says Will.

"The brown horse for which I played you, and which I won of you the night before you rode away upon it," says Mr. Warrington, sternly. "You remember the horse, Mr. Esmond."

"Mr. Warrington, I perfectly well remember playing you for a horse, which my servant handed over to you on the day of your departure."

"The Chaplain was present at our play. Mr. Sampson, will you be umpire between us?" Mr. Warrington said, with much gentleness.

"I am bound to decide that Mr. Warrington played for the brown horse," says Mr. Sampson.

"Well, he got the other one," said sulky Mr. Will, with a grin.

"And sold it for thirty shillings!" said Mr. Warrington, always preserving his calm tone.

Will was waggish. "Thirty shillings, and a devilish good price too, for the broken-kneed old rip. Ha, ha!"

"Not a word more. 'Tis only a question about a bet, my dear Lady Maria. Shall I serve you some more chicken?" Nothing could be more studiously courteous and gay than Mr. Warrington was, so long as the lady remained in the room. When she rose to go, Harry followed her to the door, and closed it upon her with the most courtly bow of farewell. He stood at the closed door for a moment, and then he bade the servants retire. When those menials were gone, Mr. Warrington locked the heavy door before them, and pocketed the key.

As it clicked in the lock, Mr. Will, who had been sitting over his punch, looking now and then askance at his cousin, asked, with one of the oaths which commonly garnished his conversation, what the —— Mr. Warrington meant by that?

"I guess there's going to be a quarrel," said Mr. Warrington, blandly, "and there is no use in having these fellows look on at rows between their betters."

"Who is going to quarrel here, I should like to know?" asked Will, looking very pale, and grasping a knife.

"Mr. Sampson, you were present when I played Mr. Will fifty guineas against his brown horse."

"Against his horse!" bawls out Mr. Will.

"I am not such a something fool as you take me for," says Mr. Warrington, "although I do come from Virginia!" and he repeated his question: "Mr. Sampson, you were here when I played the Honourable William Esmond, Esquire, fifty guineas against his brown horse?"

"I must own it, sir," says the Chaplain, with a deprecatory look towards his lord's brother.

"*I* don't own no such a thing," says Mr. Will, with rather a forced laugh.

"No, sir: because it costs you no more pains to lie than to cheat," said Mr. Warrington, walking up to his cousin. "Hands off, Mr. Chaplain, and see fair play! Because you are no better than a—ha!"——

No better than a what we can't say, and shall never know, for as Harry uttered the exclamation, his dear cousin flung a wine bottle at Mr. Warrington's head, who bobbed just in time, so that the missile flew across the room, and broke against the wainscot opposite, breaking the face of a pictured ancestor of the Esmond family, and then itself against the wall, whence it spirted a pint of good port wine over the Chaplain's face and flowered wig. "Great heavens, gentlemen, I pray you to be quiet," cried the parson, dripping with gore.

But gentlemen are not inclined at some moments to remember the commands of the church. The bottle having failed, Mr. Esmond seized the large silver-handled knife and drove at his cousin. But Harry caught up the other's right hand with his left as he had seen the boxers do at Marybone; and delivered a rapid blow upon Mr. Esmond's nose, which sent him reeling up against the oak panels, and I daresay caused him to see ten thousand illuminations. He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table.

Now Will, too, had been at Marybone and Hockley-in-the-Hole, and after a gasp for breath and a glare over his bleeding nose at his enemy, he dashed forward his head as though it had been a battering ram, intending to project it into Mr. Henry Warrington's stomach.

This manœuvre Harry had seen, too, on his visit to Marybone, and amongst the negroes upon the maternal estate, who would meet in combat like two concutient cannon-balls, each harder than the other. But Harry had seen and marked the civilised practice of the white man. He skipped aside, and, saluting his advancing enemy with a tremendous blow on the right ear, felled him, so that he struck his head against the heavy oak table and sank lifeless to the ground.

"Chaplain, you will bear witness that it has been a fair fight!" said Mr. Warrington, still quivering with the excitement of the combat, but striving with all his might to restrain himself and look cool. And

he drew the key from his pocket and opened the door in the lobby, behind which three or four servants were gathered. A crash of broken glass, a cry, a shout, an oath or two, had told them that some violent scene was occurring within, and they entered, and behold two victims bedabbled with red—the Chaplain bleeding port wine, and the Honourable William Esmond, Esquire, stretched in his own gore.

"Mr. Sampson will bear witness that I struck fair, and that Mr. Esmond hit the first blow," said Mr. Warrington. "Undo his neckcloth, somebody, he may be dead; and get a fleam, Sambo, and bleed him. Stop! He is coming to himself! Lift him up, you, and tell a maid to wash the floor."

Indeed, in a minute Mr. Will did come to himself. First his eyes rolled about, or rather, I am ashamed to say, his eye, one having been closed by Mr. Warrington's first blow. First, then, his eye rolled about; then he gasped and uttered an inarticulate moan or two, then he began to swear and curse very freely and articulately.

"He is getting well," said Mr. Warrington.

"O praise be Mussy!" sighs the sentimental Betty.

"Ask him, Gumbo, whether he would like any more?" said Mr. Warrington, with a stern humour.

"Massa Harry say, wool you like any maw?" asked obedient Gumbo, bowing over the prostrate gentleman.

"No, curse you, you black devil!" says Mr. Will, hitting up at the black object before him. "So he nearly cut my tongue in *tu* in my mouf!" Gumbo explained to the pitying Betty. "No, that is, yes! You infernal Mohock! Why does not somebody kick him out of the place?"

"Because nobody dares, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, with great state, arranging his ruffles—his ruffled ruffles.

"And nobody won't neither," growled the men. They had all grown to love Harry, whereas Mr. Will had nobody's good word. "We know all's fair, sir. It ain't the first time Master William have been served so."

"And I hope it won't be the last," cries shrill Betty, "to go for to strike a poor black gentleman so!"

Mr. Will had gathered himself up by this time, had wiped his bleeding face with a napkin, and was skulking off to bed.

"Surely it's manners to say good-night to the company. Good-night, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, whose jokes, though few, were not very brilliant, but the honest lad relished the brilliant sally, and laughed at it inwardly.

"He's ad his zopper, and he goos to baid!" says Betty, in her native dialect, at which everybody laughed outright, except Mr. William, who went away leaving a black fume of curses, as it were, rolling out of that funnel, his mouth.

It must be owned that Mr. Warrington continued to be witty the next morning. He sent a note to Mr. Will begging to know whether

he was for a ride to *town* or *anywheres else*. If he was for London, that he would friten the highwaymen on Hounslow Heath, and look a very *genteel figar at the Chocolate House*. Which letter, I fear, Mr. Will received with his usual violence, requesting the writer to go to some place—not Hounslow.

And, besides the parley between Will and Harry, there comes a maiden simpering to Mr. Warrington's door, and Gumbo advances, holding something white and triangular in his ebon fingers.

Harry knew what it was well enough. "Of course it's a letter," groans he. Molinda greets her Enrico, &c. &c. &c. No sleep has she known that night, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. Has Enrico slept well in the halls of his fathers? und so weiter, und so weiter. He must never never *quaril* and be *so cruel again*. Kai ta loipa. And I protest I shan't quote any more of this letter. Ah, tablets, golden once,—are ye now faded leaves? Where is the juggler who transmuted you, and why is the glamour over?

After the little scandal with Cousin Will, Harry's dignity would not allow him to stay longer at Castlewood: he wrote a majestic letter to the lord of the mansion, explaining the circumstances which had occurred, and, as he called in Parson Sampson to supervise the document, no doubt it contained none of those eccentricities in spelling which figured in his ordinary correspondence at this period. He represented to poor Maria, that after blackening the eye and damaging the nose of a son of the house, he should remain in it with a very bad grace; and she was forced to acquiesce in the opinion that, for the present, his absence would best become him. Of course, she wept plentiful tears at parting with him. He would go to London, and see younger beauties: he would find none, none who would love him like his fond Maria. I fear Mr. Warrington did not exhibit any profound emotion on leaving her: nay, he cheered up immediately after he crossed Castlewood Bridge, and made his horses whisk over the road at ten miles an hour: he sang to them to go along: he nodded to the pretty girls by the roadside: he chucked my landlady under the chin: he certainly was not inconsolable. Truth is, he longed to be back in London again, to make a figure at St. James's, at Newmarket, wherever the men of fashion congregated. All that petty Tunbridge society of women and card-playing seemed child's play to him now he had tasted the delight of London life.

By the time he reached London again, almost all the four-and-forty pounds which we have seen that he possessed at Tunbridge had slipped out of his pocket, and farther supplies were necessary. Regarding these he made himself presently easy. There were the two sums of £5000 in his own and his brother's name, of which he was the master. He would take up a little money, and with a run or two of good luck at play he could easily replace it. Meantime he must live in a manner becoming his station, and it must be explained to Madam Esmond that a gentleman of his rank cannot keep fitting company, and appear as

becomes him in society, upon a miserable pittance of two hundred a-year.

Mr. Warrington sojourned at the Bedford Coffee House as before, but only for a short while. He sought out proper lodgings at the court end of the town, and fixed on some apartments in Bond Street, where he and Gumbo installed themselves, his horses standing at a neighbouring livery stable. And now tailors, mercers, and shoemakers were put in requisition. Not without a pang of remorse, he laid aside his mourning and figured in a laced hat and waistcoat. Gumbo was always dexterous in the art of dressing hair, and with a little powder flung into his fair locks Mr. Warrington's head was as modish as that of any gentleman in the Mall. He figured in the Ring in his phaeton. Reports of his great wealth had long since preceded him to London, and not a little curiosity was excited about the fortunate Virginian.

Until our young friend could be balloted for at the proper season, my Lord March had written down his name for the club at White's Chocolate House, as a distinguished gentleman from America. There were as yet but few persons of fashion in London, but with a pocket full of money at one and twenty, a young fellow can make himself happy even out of the season; and Mr. Harry was determined to enjoy.

He ordered Mr. Draper, then, to sell five hundred pounds of his stock. What would his poor mother have said had she known that the young spendthrift was already beginning to dissipate his patrimony? He dined at the tavern, he supped at the Club, where Jack Morris introduced him, with immense eulogiums, to such gentlemen as were in town. Life and youth, and pleasure were before him, the wine was set a running, and the eager lad was greedy to drink. Do you see, far away in the west, yonder, the pious widow at her prayers for her son? Behind the trees at Oakhurst a tender little heart, too, is beating for him, perhaps. When the Prodigal Son was away carousing, were not love and forgiveness still on the watch for him?

Amongst the inedited letters of the late Lord Orford, there is one which the present learned editor, Mr. Peter Cunningham, has omitted from his collection, doubting possibly the authenticity of the document. Nay, I myself have only seen a copy of it in the Warrington papers in Madam Esmond's prim handwriting, and noted "*Mr. H. Walpole's account of my son Henry at London, and of Baroness Tusher,—wrote to Genl Conway.*"

"ARLINGTON STREET. *Friday night.*

"I have come away, child, for a day or two from my devotions to our Lady of Strawberry. Have I not been on my knees to her these three weeks, and aren't the poor old joints full of rheumatism? A fit took me that I would pay London a visit, that I would go to Vauxhall and Ranelagh *quoi!* May I not have my rattle as well as other elderly babies? Suppose, after being so long virtuous, I take a fancy to cakes

and ale, shall your reverence say nay to me? George Selwyn and Tony Storer and your humble servant took boat at Westminster t'other night. Was it Tuesday?—no, Tuesday I was with their Graces of Norfolk, who are just from Tunbridge—it was Wednesday. How should I know? Wasn't I dead drunk with a whole pint of lemonade I took at White's?

"The Norfolk folk had been entertaining me on Tuesday with the account of a young savage Iroquois, Choctaw, or Virginian, who has lately been making a little noise in our quarter of the globe. He is an offshoot of that disreputable family of Esmond-Castlewood, of whom all the men are gamblers and spendthrifts, and all the women—well, I shan't say the word, lest Lady Ailesbury should be looking over your shoulder. Both the late lords, my father told me, were in his pay, and the last one, a beau of Queen Anne's reign, from a viscount advanced to be an earl through the merits and intercession of his notorious old sister Bernstein, late Tusher, *née* Esmond—a great beauty, too, of her day, a favourite of the old Pretender. She sold his secrets to my papa, who paid her for them; and being nowise particular in her love for the Stuarts, came over to the august Hanoverian house at present reigning over us. 'Will Horace Walpole's tongue never stop scandal?' says your wife over your shoulder. I kiss your ladyship's hand. I am dumb. The Bernstein is a model of virtue. She had no good reasons for marrying her father's chaplain. Many of the nobility omit the marriage altogether. She *wasn't* ashamed of being Mrs. Tusher, and didn't take a German *Baroncino* for a second husband, whom nobody out of Hanover ever saw. The Yarmouth bears no malice. Esther and Vashti are very good friends, and have been cheating each other at Tunbridge at cards all the summer.

"'And what has all this to do with the Iroquois?' says your ladyship. The Iroquois has been at Tunbridge, too—not cheating, perhaps, but winning vastly. They say he has bled Lord March of thousands—Lord March, by whom so much blood hath been shed, that he has quarrelled with everybody, fought with everybody, rode over everybody, been fallen in love with by everybody's wife except Mr. Conway's, and *not* excepting her present Majesty, the Countess of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Queen of Walmoden and Yarmouth, whom Heaven preserve to us.

"You know an offensive little creature, *de par le monde* one Jack Morris, who skips in and out of all the houses of London. When we were at Vauxhall, Mr. Jack gave us a nod under the shoulder of a pretty young fellow enough, on whose arm he was leaning, and who appeared hugely delighted with the enchantments of the garden. Lord, how he stared at the fireworks! Gods, how he huzzayed at the singing of a horrible painted wench who shrieked the ears off my head! A twopenny string of glass beads and a strip of tawdry cloth are treasures in Iroquois land, and our savage valued them accordingly.

"A buzz went about the place that this was the fortunate youth.

He won three hundred at White's last night very genteelly from Rockingham and my precious nephew, and here he was bellowing and huzzaying over the music so as to do you good to hear. I do not love a puppet-show, but I love to treat children to one, Miss Conway! I present your ladyship my compliments, and hope we shall go and see the dolls together.

"When the singing woman came down from her throne, Jack Morris must introduce my Virginian to her. I saw him blush up to the eyes, and make her, upon my word, a very fine bow, such as I had no idea was practised in wigwams. 'There is a certain *jenny squaw* about her, and that's why the savage likes her,' George said—a joke certainly not as brilliant as a firework. After which it seemed to me that the savage and the savagess retired together.

"Having had a great deal too much to eat and drink three hours before, my partners must have chicken and rack-punch at Vauxhall, where George fell asleep straightway, and for my sins I must tell Tony Storer what I knew about this Virginian's amiable family, especially some of the Bernstein's antecedents, and the history of another elderly beauty of the family, a certain Lady Maria, who was *au mieux* with the late Prince of Wales. What did I say? I protest not half of what I knew, and of course not a tenth part of what I was going to tell, for who should start out upon us but my savage, this time quite red in the face; and in his *war-paint*. The wretch had been drinking fire-water in the next box!

"He cocked his hat, clapped his hand to his sword, asked which of the gentlemen was it that was maligning his family? so that I was obliged to entreat him not to make such a noise, lest he should wake my friend Mr. George Selwyn. And I added, 'I assure you, sir, I had no idea that you were near me, and I most sincerely apologise for giving you pain.'

"The Huron took his hand off his tomahawk at this pacific rejoinder, made a bow not ungraciously, said he could not, of course, ask more than an apology from a gentleman of my age (*Merci, Monsieur!*), and, hearing the name of Mr. Selwyn, made another bow to George, and said he had a letter to him from Lord March, which he had had the ill-fortune to mislay. George has put him up for the club, it appears, in conjunction with March, and no doubt these three lambs will fleece each other. Meanwhile, my pacified savage sate down with us, and *buried the hatchet* in another bowl of punch, for which these gentlemen must call. Heaven help us! 'Tis eleven o'clock, and here comes Bedson with my gruel! H. W.

"To the Honble. H. S. Conway."

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate, appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, at it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

GODFREY'S

EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND RHEUMATIC GOUT.

SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

are a certain and safe remedy. They restore tranquillity to the nerves, give tone to the stomach, and strength to the whole system. No other medicine can be compared to these excellent Pills, as they prevent the disorder from attacking the stomach or head, and have restored thousands from pain and misery to health and comfort.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box.

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SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

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MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,

Are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London. Their London Show-Rooms, 67 and 68, King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the world, which is transmitted direct from their manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

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	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks, best quality	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons do.	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon do.	0 7 0	0 10 6	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
Complete Service .	£10 13 10	15 16 6	17 13 6	21 4 6

Any article can be had separately at the same prices.

One set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20-inch, one 18-inch, and two 14-inch—£10 10s.; Cruet Frame, 4 Glass, 24s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, may be had on application.

	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles . . .	2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
1½ Doz. Full-Size Cheese ditto .	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto . .	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One Pair Poultry Carvers . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for Sharpening . .	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Complete Service .	£4 16 0	6 18 6	9 16 6

MESSRS. MAPPIN'S Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

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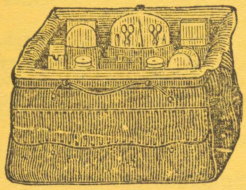
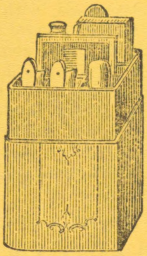
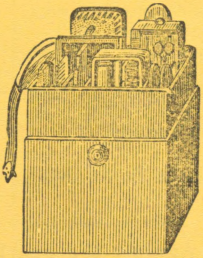
SENT DIRECT FROM THEIR MANUFACTORY.



Ladies' Travelling Toilette and Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 15s.



Mappin's Gentlemen's Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £1 1s.



Mappin's Solid Leather Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £2 2s.

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WHICH Restores Health without Purging, Inconvenience, or Expense, as it Saves Fifty Times its Cost in other remedies. It is, moreover, the best Food for Infants and Invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, nor interferes with a good liberal diet, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

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